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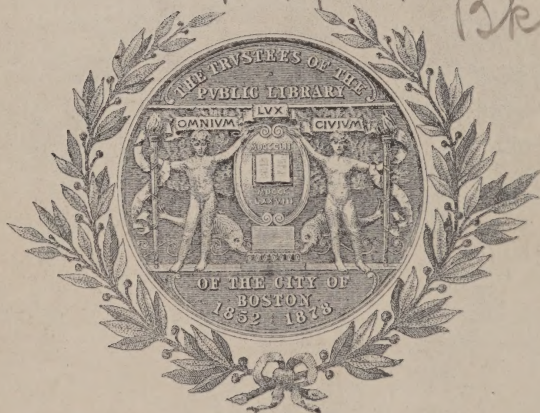


# The Blodgett First Reader

GINN AND  
COMPANY

★★  
No. 4599.275

Bk. 1



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SCHOOL BOOK COLLECTION

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1913

1913

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## PREFACE

THIS First Reader is a second book of a basal series, and grades naturally and easily from the Primer.

In its preparation great care has been taken to adapt the reading matter to the child's understanding and to awaken and hold his interest. For this reason the sentences are short and clear in thought. Their simplicity will lighten the work of the teacher.

Following the plan of the Primer, the use of a limited number of phonograms is emphasized, which, rightly presented, will give the child power to recognize quickly each new word.

The stories of nature, animal life, home, and country are appropriate to the season of the year. They will appeal to the experiences of childhood and develop humane and patriotic feeling.

All new words are placed at the beginning of the lessons and repeated as often as possible without sacrificing literary strength.

Words from the Primer are freely used, and the Primer vocabulary is introduced at the beginning of this book, that the teacher may use the words for occasional review lessons and language work.

THE AUTHORS.



## PRIMER VOCABULARY

*(For review)*

|           |           |           |          |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| a         | bow wow   | dandelion | flowers  |
| all       | boy       | Dandy     | fly      |
| am        | but       | day       | foot     |
| an        | by        | did       | for      |
| and       |           | do        | forget   |
| apple     | Cackle    | dog       | four     |
| are       | cake      | doll      | Fred     |
| at        | can       | draw      | funny    |
| away      | candles   | dress     |          |
|           | candy     | drink     | garden   |
| baby      | captain   | drum      | gave     |
| ball      | carry     | ducks     | Gertrude |
| basket    | cart      |           | get      |
| be        | catch     | eat       | girl     |
| bear      | cheer     | eggs      | give     |
| beautiful | Christmas | ever      | glad     |
| Bess      | cobweb    |           | go       |
| big       | cold      | farm      | gobble   |
| Billy     | come      | fast      | good     |
| bird      | corn      | father    | grandpa  |
| birthday  | cow       | feed      | grow     |
| black     |           | field     | Gyp      |
| blue      | daisies   | find      |          |
| book      | Daisy     | flag      | had      |



|        |        |               |              |
|--------|--------|---------------|--------------|
| hair   | kitty  | now           | said         |
| happy  | know   | nuts          | sand         |
| has    |        |               | Santa Claus  |
| have   | left   | of            | says         |
| he     | let    | oh            | school       |
| hear   | like   | old           | see          |
| hello  | little | on            | seen         |
| help   | lives  | one           | shall        |
| hen    | look   | our           | she          |
| her    | love   | out           | sing         |
| here   |        |               | sled         |
| his    | make   | party         | Snowball     |
| holes  | many   | Paul          | so           |
| home   | march  | picture       | soldier      |
| hop    | may    | play          | some         |
| house  | me     | please        | spider       |
| how    | meow   | pretty        | squirrels    |
| hungry | milk   |               | sunshine     |
| hurrah | mother | rains         | swing        |
|        | mouse  | read          |              |
| I      | Mr.    | red           | tell         |
| if     | Mrs.   | ride          | thank        |
| in     | must   | right         | Thanksgiving |
| is     | my     | Robert        | that         |
| it     |        | robins        | the          |
|        | name   | rocking-horse | them         |
| Johnny | nest   | Rose          | they         |
|        | new    | run           | think        |
| kite   | no     | Ruth          | this         |
| kitten | not    |               | three        |

|         |          |          |        |
|---------|----------|----------|--------|
| to      | umbrella | what     | with   |
| toad    | under    | where    | woods  |
| to-day  | us       | wherever | would  |
| too     |          | white    |        |
| Topsy   | want     | who      | yellow |
| tree    | was      | whoa     | yes    |
| turkeys | water    | why      | you    |
| two     | we       | will     | your   |
|         | went     | winter   |        |



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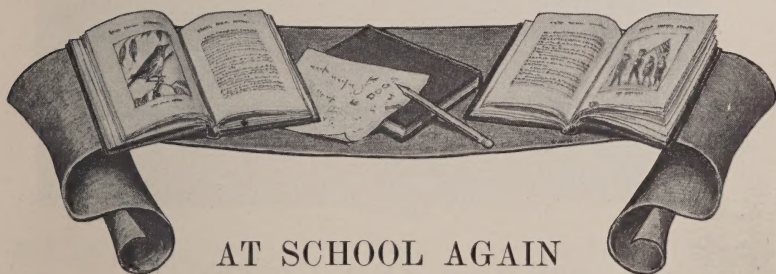








THE  
BLODGETT FIRST READER



AT SCHOOL AGAIN

va ca tion      a bout      o ver      a gain

Vacation is over.

Here we are at school again.

We like to go to school.

Do you see our new books?

We can read in our books.

I like to read about birds.

Fred likes to read about soldiers.

What do you like to read about?





## MY DOG AND KITTEN

Rov er            there            fun            him

This is my black and white kitten.

She is a hungry little kitten.

It is fun to see her eat.

My dog's name is Rover.

See him look at me. He wants to play

Shall we play ball, Rover?

Go and get the ball.

Look, there it is over there.



## WHAT LITTLE CHICKADEE SAYS

whis tle    chick a dee    crumbs    then

I am a little chickadee.

I will sing chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee.

Then I will whistle for you.

Can you whistle and sing like me?

Look for me in the winter.

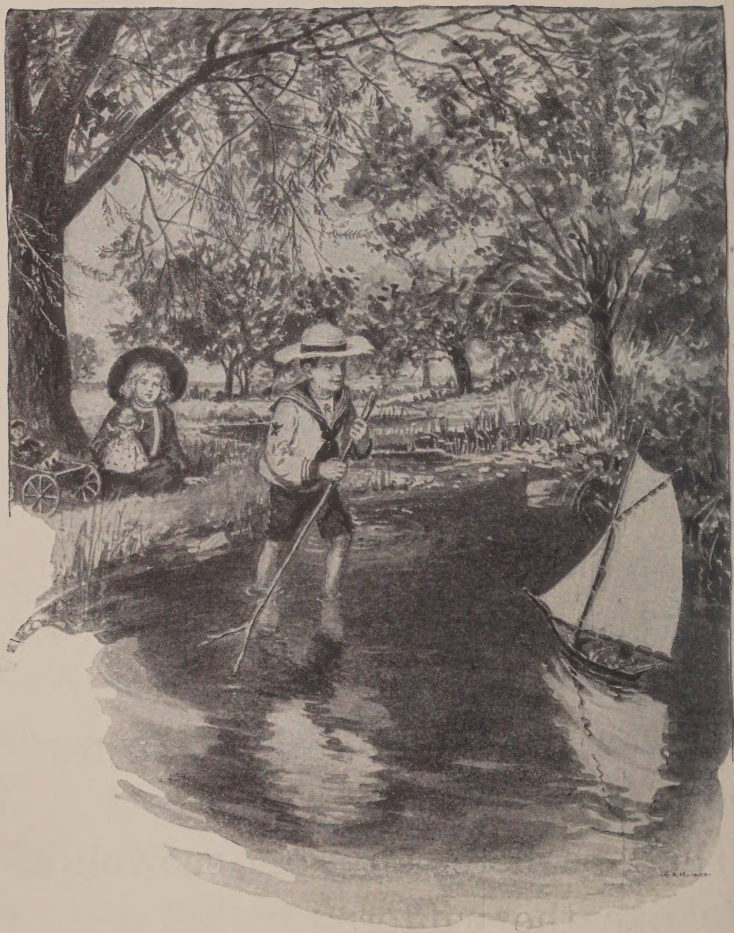
I shall be here with the snowbirds.

We like the winter.

It is not too cold for us.

If you hear us, will you feed us?

Please give us some crumbs.



## PAUL'S SAILBOAT

sail boat      came      brook      time



I have a pretty new sailboat.

My father gave the boat to me.

One day in vacation Gertrude and I went to grandpa's.

We like to go to grandpa's farm.

There is a little brook on the farm.

We played all day by the brook.

What a good time we had!

I sailed my boat on the water.

Gertrude played under the trees with her dolls.

One doll had a ride in my boat.

Here is a picture of the brook.

Do you see my sailboat?

It is fun to sail a boat.

By and by father came for us.

He said it was time to go home.

I left my boat at grandpa's.

We are going there again some day.





## THE CATERPILLAR

cat er pil lar      when      sleep      a wake

My name is caterpillar.

You do not like me, do you?

But you will like me some day.

By and by I am going to sleep.

I shall sleep and sleep all winter.

When winter is over I shall awake.

Then I shall not be a caterpillar.

I shall fly about like a bird.

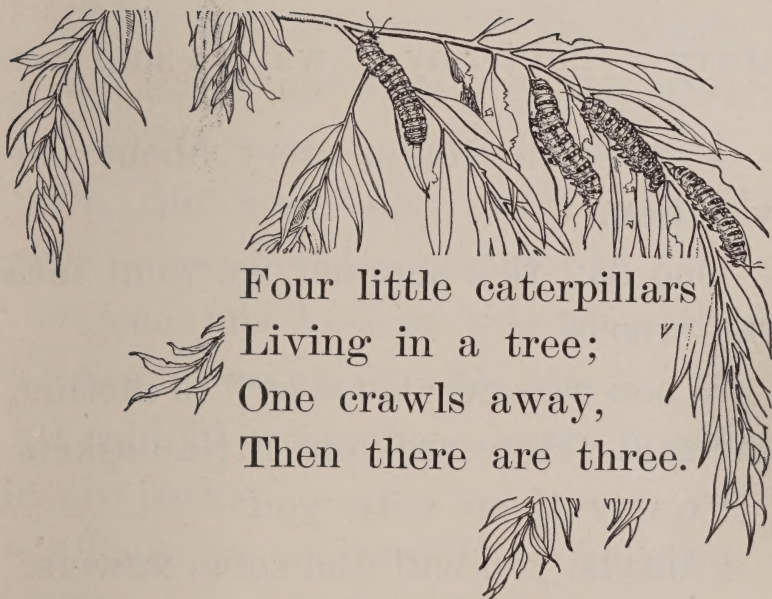
Can you tell what my name will be?

none

crawls

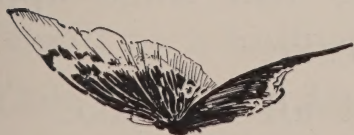
wake

up



Four little caterpillars  
 Living in a tree;  
 One crawls away,  
 Then there are three.

Three little caterpillars  
 Sleeping in the sun;  
 They all wake up,  
 Then there are none.



## A VACATION DAY

sto ry      but ter fly      way      sum mer

I will tell you a story about our vacation.

One day this summer we went into the woods.

When we said "Good-by" to mother, she said, "Here are your little baskets.

"Carry them with you.

"Maybe you will find some flowers."

In the woods we looked in our baskets.

And what do you think!

Paul had some candy in his basket.

Fred and Rose had some apples and I had some cake.

We did not eat all the cake.

We left some crumbs for the little chickadees.

There was a brook in the woods.

We sailed our boats on the water.

Then it was time to go home.

On the way home Fred said, "O girls, come here! come here!"

"Come and look at this caterpillar.

"See it crawl up this tree."

I said, "I am going to carry it home in my basket.

"Then we can see it go to sleep.

"We can see it wake up, too.

"What fun that will be!"

So the caterpillar had a ride home.

It went to sleep and is sleeping now.

We shall see it wake up by and by.

It will be a butterfly when it wakes.

Then we shall let it fly away.





## ROVER IS COMING

down                  found                  ran                  saw

O Johnny, get down! get down!  
Rover is coming, he will see you.  
There! he has found us.

How did you know where to look,  
Rover? Did some one tell you?

Now where is Fred? I saw him  
go this way.

I think he ran down by the brook.  
Let us go and find him.



## OUR COOKY DOLLS

cook y      cook ies      these      made

What funny cookies these are!  
 Mother made them for us to-day.  
 Here is a cooky boy and here is  
 a dog.

What have you found, Robert?  
 Gertrude has a doll and a kitten.  
 We are going to have a cooky  
 party.

What a good time we shall have!



wind

blows

leaves

wet

## OUT IN THE WIND

How the wind blows!

I think it is going to rain.

I have no umbrella, so I must run home.

Hello, pretty little robins!

Are you going home, too?

You will not get wet under the leaves.

The leaves are your little umbrellas.

Oh, there comes the rain!

Good-by. I must run.





box

put

tools

things

morning

## FRED'S WHISTLE

See my whistle. Hear me blow it.  
I made this whistle this morning.  
I like to make things.  
One day I made a boat.  
When father saw the boat he said,  
"That boy must have some tools."  
So he gave me a box of tools.  
I made a bird house with my tools.  
I put the bird house in a tree.  
Some bluebirds have a nest in it.





## TELLING JACK

ver y

Jack

dear

broth er

some thing

O Jack! we have something at our house.

What do you think it is?

I don't know. You tell me.

It is a dear little baby.

Mother says he is my brother.

He is sleeping now.

Don't you want to come and see him?

Yes, I do. Can he play with us?

I don't know. I don't think so.

He is not very big.

I will tell you what we will do.

You go and get your ball and I will find my whistle.

We will give them to him when he wakes up.

Then he will know that we are glad to see him.

## FRED AND ROBERT

Hello, Robert! come over to my house.  
I have made a little cart for Ruth  
and I want you to see it.

I made it with my tools.

Please don't tell her about it.

I shall give it to her on her birth-  
day.

Here it is. Do you think Ruth  
will like it?

She can draw her dolls in it.

Now let us go down by the brook.

I like to play down there.

Oh, see the cows!

They are going to the brook, too.

They go there to get a drink.

To-day I saw a bird drinking in  
the brook.



I don't know the bird's name.  
He lives in a hole in the tree.  
I found his house this morning.  
It is way down in the tree.

How do you think he made his  
house?

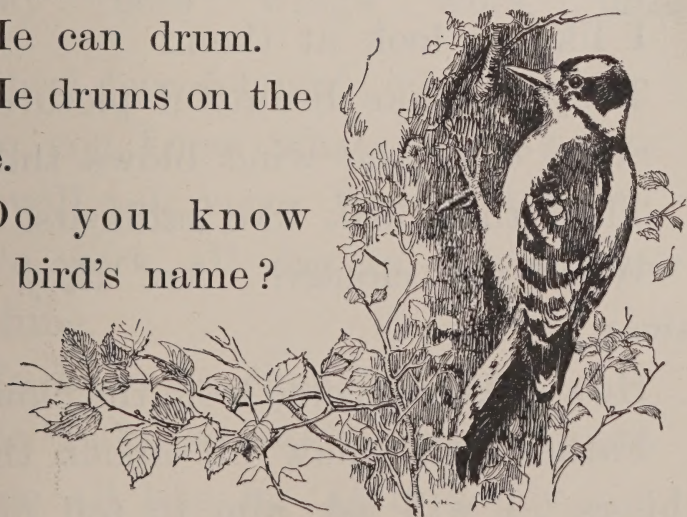
Did he have tools to make it with?

I do not think this bird can sing,  
but I will tell you something he  
can do.

He can drum.

He drums on the  
tree.

Do you know  
the bird's name?





## LOOKING AT THE CLOUDS



does  
clouds  
from  
ask  
far

How white the clouds are!

I like to look at them.

They are like beautiful pictures.

Some days the wind blows them.

Then they look like sailboats.

What are clouds? Are they far  
away?

How does rain come from the clouds?

Father will know all about these  
things. I will ask him to tell me.



## THE STORY OF THE HONEYBEES

honey bees wings work buzz

Buzz! buzz! buzz!

Do you know what we are?

I will tell you. We are bees.

We work all day in the summer  
sunshine.

We have no time to play.

We make something good to eat.

You all like it. It is honey.

We make honey from the pretty flowers.

We love the flowers and they love us little bees.

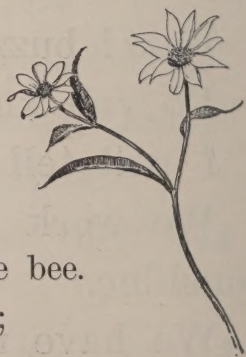
They like to have us come to see them.

We carry them something on our wings.

Do you know what it is?

Good-by. We must go now.

The sun is shining and we must be at work.



“ Buzz! buzz! buzz! ”

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow;

A jolly good fellow,

And yet a great worker is he.

lays  
 nice  
 peep  
 chick ens  
 Spec kle



### FEEDING SPECKLE'S CHICKENS

This is my old black and white hen.  
 Her name is Speckle.  
 She lays nice eggs for me.  
 See Speckle's dear little chickens.  
 They say "Peep, peep," when they  
 see me.

They know I am going to feed them.  
 Mother Speckle works all day.  
 She finds things for her chicks to eat.  
 But I have to help her.  
 Her chicks are so hungry.



## TAKING A PICTURE

back take were ready long

School was out.

The boys and girls were going home.

"Come back again," said Robert.

"I want to take your picture."

"Oh, what fun!" said the boys.

"May Rover be in the picture, too?"

"Yes," said Robert, "if he will be good."

"Do you hear, Rover? You must be good.

"Robert is going to take your picture.

"Will he have to be good very long, Robert?"

"No, not long. Now all look at me.

"Are you ready?"



## THE FLY, THE TOAD, AND THE ROBIN

win dow    South    flew    build    ground

A fly was buzzing on a window.

The sun was shining and the fly was happy.

“I think I will go out to play,” said he. So out he flew into the garden.

There he saw something on the ground. “Good morning,” he said.

“Will you please tell me your name?”

“Yes, Mr. Fly. I am a toad, and my name is Hop.

“Come and see what I am doing.

“I am making a house.”

“Making a house!” said the fly.

“Where?”





“Under this tree,” said the toad.

“Do you see this hole in the ground?”

“This is to be my house.

“By and by I shall hop in here  
and sleep.

“I sleep all winter long.”

“How nice that is,” said the fly.

“I cannot live when it is cold.

“But here comes a robin.

“What does he do in the winter?”

“I don’t know. I will ask him.

“Good morning, Mr. Robin.

“What do you do in the winter?”





“Why, don’t you know, little hop-toad? I do not live here then.

“I fly far away to the South.

“It is not cold in the South.

“When winter is over I come back again.

“Mrs. Robin builds a new nest in the apple tree.

“I help her build the nest.

“It is our home, you know.

“Then she lays four pretty blue eggs.

“By and by we hear a little ‘Peep, peep.’

“It is the baby birds coming out of the eggs.

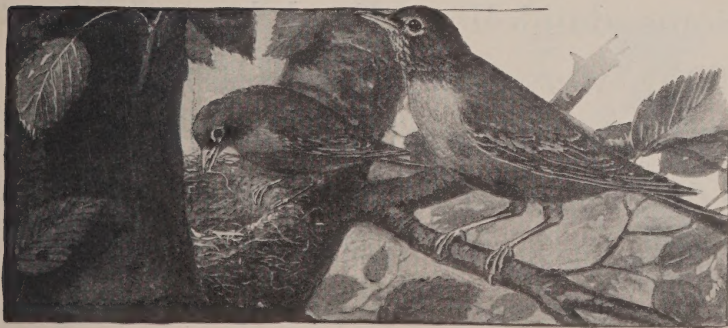
“When I see them I sing and sing.”

“You must be very happy,” said the toad.

“I think so, too,” said the fly.

“It is nice to live a long time.

“I cannot do that, so I will buzz and be happy to-day.”



## THE STORY OF THE DANDELIONS



seeds

sleep y

some time

wild

gone

Some dandelions lived in a field.  
They were happy wild flowers.  
One day a honeybee flew by.  
“Good morning, dandelions,” she said.  
“How are you to-day?”  
“We are very sleepy, dear honeybee.



"See, we are growing old.

"Our yellow dresses are gone now.

"But look at our pretty balls of seeds.

"They are ready for the wind.

"The wind will carry them over the fields.

"Then he will lay them on the ground.

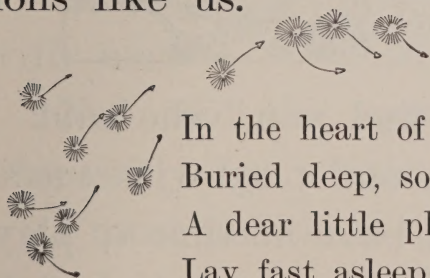
"Little dandelions are in the seeds.

"Did you know that, honeybee?

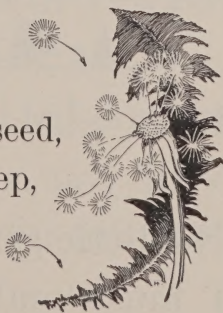
"The little dandelions are sleeping now.

"Sometime they will wake and grow.

"They will grow to be big dandelions like us."



In the heart of a seed,  
Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep.





## WORK AND PLAY

Daisy liked to play.

One day her mother said:

“You are a big girl now, Daisy.

“You must help me a little.”

“Oh, no, mother, I don’t like to work.

“Please let me go and play.”

So away Daisy ran to the woods.

There on a tree she saw a caterpillar.



“I am glad to find you,” she said.

“Will you come and play with me?”

“No, little girl, I have no time to play.

“I must make a house to sleep in.”

And the caterpillar crawled away.

A bee buzzed by.

“Little bee, would you like to play?”

“Oh, no; I am making some honey.

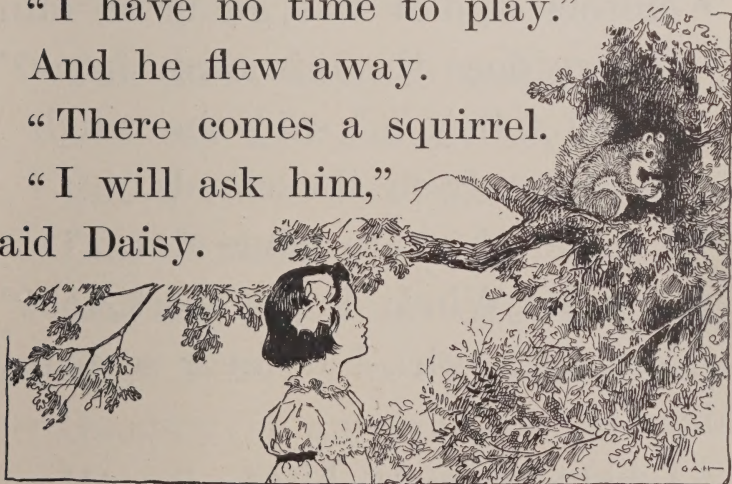
“I have no time to play.”

And he flew away.

“There comes a squirrel.

“I will ask him,”

said Daisy.



“Please, dear squirrel, will you play with me?”

“No,” said the squirrel, “I am getting ready for winter.

“I must put these nuts in my nest.”

And he ran away.

“They all work,” said Daisy, “and they are very happy.

“I think I will go and help mother.

“Oh, dear! it is raining.

“Mother said it was going to rain.

“Where does the rain come from?”

“I will tell you,” said the wind.

“It comes from the clouds.

“I make the rain come down.”

“You, Mr. Wind; do you work, too?”

“Yes, little girl, I do ever so many things.

“I help boys fly kites.

“I make boats sail on the water and I blow little seeds here and there.

“Did n’t you know that?”

“Yes; but I did n’t think about it.

“Oh, there is Speckle! Come here, Speckle.





“You don’t have to work, do you?”

“You eat and eat all the time.”

“But I work, too,” said Speckle.

“Don’t I feed my little chicks?”

“And don’t I lay nice eggs for you?”

“That is so; you do,” said Daisy.

“Good-by; I am going home.

“Here I am, dear mother.

“I have come back to help you.

“The wind, the caterpillars, the squirrels, the bees, and Speckle are all working.

“I want to work, too.”

“I am very glad,” said her mother.





GIVE THEM TO ME!

Bes sie                      cut                      pa per  
                  five                      Un cle

One, two, three, four, five!

Five paper dolls. Who wants them?

Oh, I do. Please give them to me.

All right, Bessie; you shall have them.

Now what shall I cut for you, Jack?

A boat. Can you make a paper boat?

No, I don't know how.

But Uncle John can make a boat.

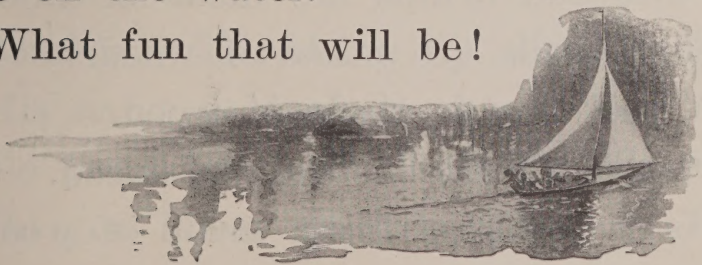
He can cut one out of wood.

Ask him to make you a little red boat.

I will make the sails for it.

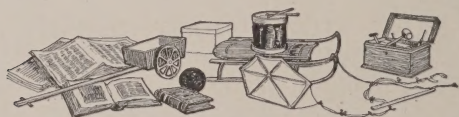
Then we will give Bessie's dolls a ride on the water.

What fun that will be!



## THINGS MADE OF PAPER

Our books are made of paper.  
We have little picture papers.  
Father has papers to read.  
Kites are made out of paper.  
Paul can make a paper box.  
What can you make of paper?



## THINGS MADE OF WOOD

Houses are sometimes made of wood.  
Ruth's sled is made of wood.  
Carts and drums are made of wood.  
Some balls are made of wood.  
A tool box is made of wood.  
Fred's whistle is made of wood.  
Have you playthings made of wood?



ripe

pick

climb

Sat ur day

Jack Frost



### HELPING FATHER

Hurrah for Saturday!

We are going to help father to-day.

We are going to climb the apple trees. Apples are ripe now.

We must pick them and carry them into the house.

Some one is coming by and by.

His name is Jack Frost.

Do you know who Jack Frost is?

Do you know what he does?



## A STORY ABOUT WHEAT

|       |         |      |
|-------|---------|------|
| wheat | farm er | men  |
| flour | bread   | mill |

Do you know about wheat?

I do, for my father is a farmer and  
I live on a farm.

Wheat grows in the ground.

The sun and the rain help it to  
grow.

When it is yellow it is ripe.

Then it is ready to be cut.

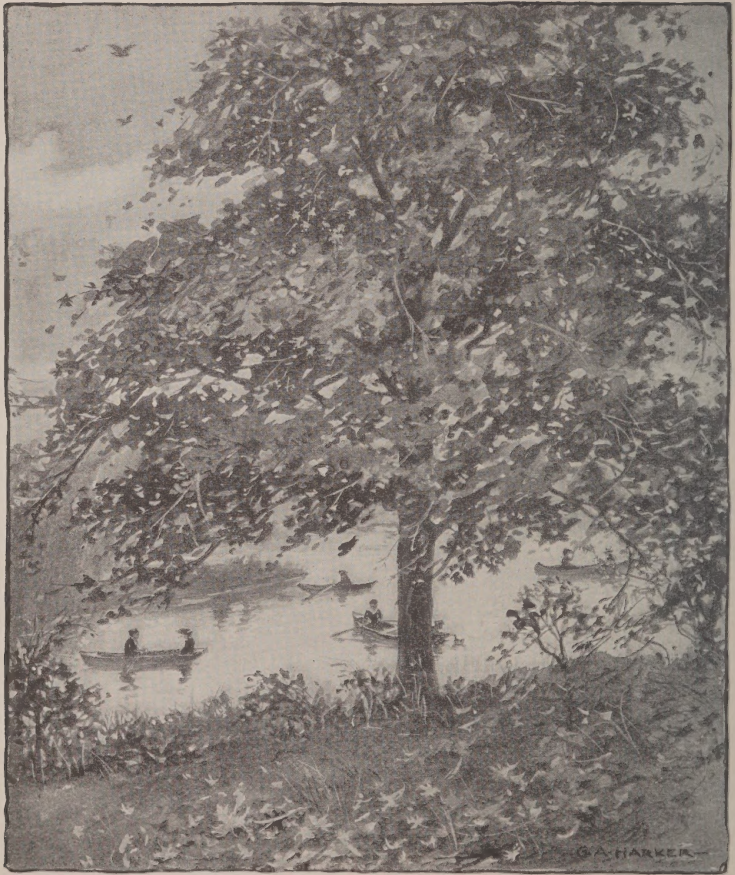
The seeds of the wheat are good  
to eat.

Men carry them to a mill and they  
are made into flour.

Cake and cookies are made of flour.

Bread is made of flour, too.





## THE MAPLE TREE

ma ple  
green

au tumn  
soon

buds  
off



I am a maple tree.

Do you know me when you see me?

I have a very pretty dress.

It is not like your dress.

My dress is made of many leaves.

In summer my leaves are green,  
but it is autumn now.

Jack Frost is here and my dress is  
red and yellow.

Soon my leaves will all be gone.

The wind will blow them off.

Then I shall go to sleep for the  
winter.

When I awake my little buds will  
grow.

They will grow into pretty green  
leaves.

Then the birds will come to live  
with me again.





## THE HAPPY LARK

|        |        |
|--------|--------|
| lark   | as     |
| strong | heard  |
| could  | cradle |



Please look at me. I am a lark.  
Robins build nests in trees, but I  
make my nest on the ground.

If you find it, please do not carry  
it away.

Mrs. Lark and I love our nest.

It is our little birds' cradle.  
Have you ever seen me fly?  
I have very strong wings.  
Up, up I go into the clouds.  
Sometimes I sing as I fly, for I am  
very happy.

One day I heard a little girl say  
she was as happy as a lark.

How can she be as happy as I when  
she cannot fly?

I am going South soon. Mrs. Lark  
and my little birds are going, too.

In the South there is no snow.

We shall find the flowers and sun-  
shine.

But we shall all come back by and by.

We birds know the way.

If you went so far from home, could  
you find your way back?

## WHAT AM I?

|      |      |      |
|------|------|------|
| bed  | hard | fall |
| jump | warm | just |

My nest is in a hole in a tree.

I can run and jump and climb.

Sometimes I climb trees just for fun.

Sometimes I climb trees to find nuts.

When Jack Frost comes the nuts  
fall off the trees.

Then I pick them up from the  
ground and carry them home to my  
nest.

I work very hard in the autumn.

In the winter I go to sleep.

My little bed is made of leaves, and  
it is nice and warm.

Have you ever seen me?





## PRETTY YELLOW GOLDEN-ROD

|      |             |        |
|------|-------------|--------|
| kind | gold en-rod | cov er |
| wish | rocked      | keep   |

Golden-rod is a yellow wild flower.  
 It grows in the fields in the autumn.  
 One day Golden-rod said, "I wish  
 I had some one to play with.

"The dandelions and daisies are gone.

"I think all the flowers are gone.

"They have gone to sleep for the  
 winter.

"By and by I shall go to sleep, too.

“But there come some maple leaves.

“They are awake.

“Maybe they will play with me.

“I will ask them.

“How do you do, maple leaves?

“Where are you going so fast?”

“We are going with the wind,  
Golden-rod.

“He came to our tree this morning.

“He said, ‘Come, little leaves. Come  
and help me.’”

“How can you help the wind?”  
asked Golden-rod.

“Why, don’t you know?

“The wind blows us off the trees.

“We fly with him all over the fields  
and gardens.

“We find the flowers that have gone  
to sleep.

“Then we cover them and keep them warm.

“We cover the little seeds, too.”

“How kind you are, dear maple leaves.

“Is it time for me to go to bed?

“Have you come to cover me up?”

“No, Golden-rod, we are going over to the rose garden.

“The wind has rocked the roses to sleep, and we are going to cover them.”





## SHEEP AND LAMBS

grass

lambs

sweet

sheep

call

meadow

Uncle John has some sheep.

He has some dear little lambs, too.

The lambs are baby sheep.

They jump and play in the meadow.

The sheep eat the sweet green grass.

But the little lambs drink milk.

Uncle John lets me feed them.

One little lamb is as white as snow.

She runs to me when I call her.



## A STORY ABOUT WOOL

|      |       |        |
|------|-------|--------|
| fine | coats | wool   |
| soft | cloth | woolen |

Have you ever seen sheep?

They are covered with wool.

Some have white coats and some have black coats.

How fine and soft the wool is!

It keeps the sheep warm in winter.

In summer the farmer cuts off the wool.

He takes it to a mill, where it is made into cloth.

Boys' warm coats are made of woolen cloth.

Many things are made of wool.

Can you think of some of them?



### GOOD NIGHT, MY DEARS

rab bit

fur

their

gray

food

night

Here are Mr. and Mrs. Gray Rabbit.  
And here are their baby rabbits.  
The babies have funny little names.  
They are Fun, Run, Jump, and Hop.  
Do you see their gray fur coats?

Fun and Run, Jump and Hop play  
all day in the sunshine.

When night comes their father says :

“Now, babies, it is time to go to bed.

“Your mother and I are going away.

“We must find some food for you.

“I am going into the cornfield.

“Your mother is going into the  
garden.

“Go right to sleep, little ones.

“Do not get out of bed if you hear  
a dog.

“Dogs are not kind to rabbits.

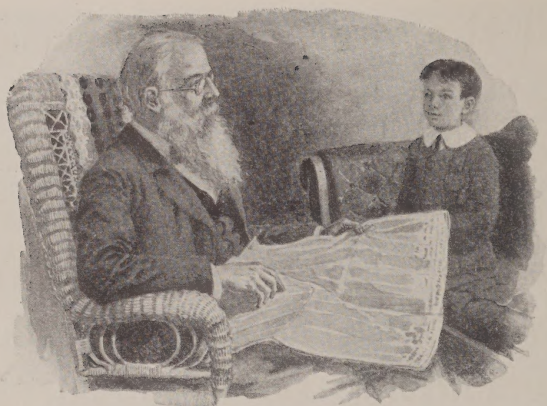
“Good night, my dears.

“We shall be back in the morning.”

---

Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way.



true

sor ry

halt

blown

once

### GRANDPA'S STORY

Please tell me a story, grandpa.

Do you know a good story?

Yes, Fred, I will tell you a true story.

Once there were some soldiers.

They were marching very fast, for they had a long way to go.

All at once the captain said "Halt!"

The soldiers did what he said.

And what do you think they saw?



There on the ground were two baby robins.

The wind had blown them from their nest. They could not fly at all.

Now this captain loved little birds and he was sorry for them.

So he said to the soldiers, "Halt!"

He picked up the robins and went from tree to tree to find their nest.

All the soldiers helped him.

Soon they heard the mother bird.

She was calling to her babies.

The men found the tree and put the birds in their nest.

Then they marched away.

How happy that mother bird was!

She covered her babies with her soft warm wings, and they went fast to sleep.

## SOMETHING FOR YOU TO TELL

Where do robins make their nests?

What bird makes her nest on the ground?

Where do the birds go in autumn?

What birds stay with us all winter?

With what are birds covered?

Who can tell a little story about wheat?

Who can tell a little story about the dandelion's seeds?

What does the rain do?

What work do bees do?

What can you tell about the caterpillar?

With what are rabbits covered?

With what are bears covered?

What kind of coat has a kitten?

What kind of coat has a sheep?

What do we do with wool?

What do we do with paper?

What do we do with wood?

Where do we get wood?

What does the wind do?

With what are trees covered in summer?

When does a maple tree have red and yellow leaves?

What work do the leaves do when the wind blows them off the trees?

Where does a toad go in winter and what does he do?

What does a squirrel do in winter?

What do you do in winter?







## BY THE BROOK

bright  
stop

Ma ry  
aft er

nev er  
stay



“Stop, stop, pretty water!”

Said Mary one day,  
To a bright, happy brook  
That was running away.

“You run on so fast!

I wish you would stay;  
My boat and my flowers  
You will carry away.

“But I will run after:

Mother says that I may;  
For I would know where  
You are running away.”

So Mary ran on;

But I have heard say,  
That she never could find  
Where the brook ran away.



## THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER—I

|       |               |        |
|-------|---------------|--------|
| ants  | grass hop per | should |
| bus y | laughed       | dance  |

Once a grasshopper lived in a meadow.

Some ants lived there, too.

The ants were as busy as bees.

They worked all day, laying up food for winter.

“Why do you work so hard?” asked the grasshopper.

“Just look at me. I don’t work.

“I dance and sing and have a good time.”

“Yes, we see you do,” said the ants.

“But if we played all summer, what should we do for food in winter?”

The grasshopper laughed.

“Oh, winter is a long way off,” he said. “I never think about that.”

And he danced away.

## THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER—II

After a time the summer was gone.

The ground was covered with snow.

“Dear me! what shall I do,” said the grasshopper.

“I am very cold and I can find no grass to eat.



"Maybe the ants will help me.

"I will go and ask them."

So he looked all about for the ants' little house.

When he found it he called to them.

"Please, dear ants, may I come in?"

"I am very cold and hungry."

"Yes, come in," said the ants, "and here is some bread.

"But you laughed at us for working.

"You danced and played all summer long.

"If you had worked then you would not be asking for food now."

"That is so," said the grasshopper, "and I am sorry.

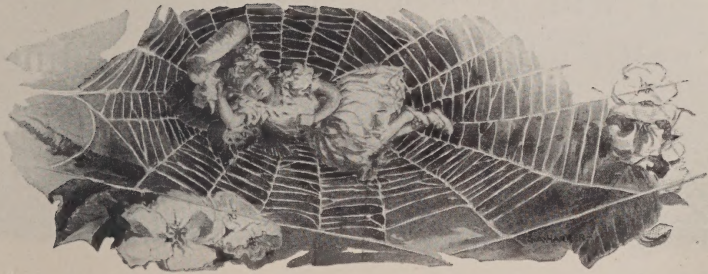
"Thank you for the bread. Good-by."

Out into the cold he went.

The ants never saw him again.

## THE STORY OF THUMBLING—I

|         |            |       |
|---------|------------|-------|
| thumb   | Thumb ling | tired |
| a sleep | a ny where | sang  |



Once there was a very little girl.  
She was just as little as your thumb.  
So her mother called her Thumb-  
ling.

Thumbling's cradle was a pretty  
cobweb.

When she was tired the bees and  
butterflies rocked her, and the blue-  
birds sang her to sleep.

One day when she was fast asleep a grasshopper hopped by the window.

“Wake up, wake up,” he said.

“Get on my back and have a ride.

“I will be your horse.”

“Oh, what fun!” said Thumbling.

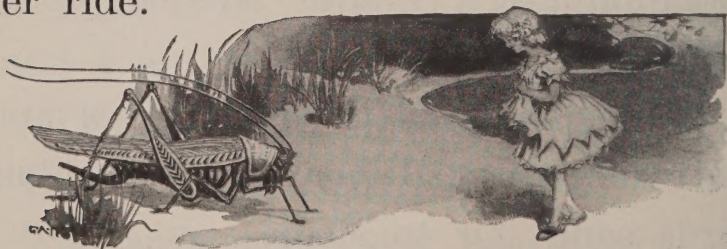
“Where will you take me?”

“Anywhere you wish to go,” said the grasshopper.

So away they went, hopping and dancing over the meadows.

By and by they came to a brook.

Thumbling jumped off the grasshopper’s back and thanked him for her ride.







## THE STORY OF THUMBLING — II

|       |       |           |
|-------|-------|-----------|
| drops | sky   | al ways   |
| fish  | earth | sun beams |

In the brook was a little fish.  
 He had a boat of maple leaves.  
 "Jump in, jump in!" he said.  
 "I am the captain of this boat.  
 Come and sail with me."  
 "Yes, I will," said Thumbling.



“Where will you take me?”

“I will take you to see the sunbeams,” said the fish.

So away they sailed in the little boat of leaves.

“Look, Thumbling; the sunbeams are on the water.

“They are always busy at work.

“Shall I tell you what they are doing?

“They are carrying little water drops up into the sky.

“There the water drops ride about in a cloud.

“But they come down to earth again when it rains.

“And some of them come back to their home in the brook.

“They tell me it is very beautiful up in the sky.

“Did you ever ride in a cloud,  
Thumbling?”

“No, Mr. Fish. If I were a little  
water drop, maybe the sunbeams would  
take me.

“But I am hungry and sleepy now.

“I think it is time to go home.

“Please carry me to my mother’s  
garden.”

So the boat sailed under a tree and  
the little girl jumped out.

She thanked the fish for her ride.



## THE STORY OF THUMBLING—III

Thumbling looked under the tree. And there in the grass was a toad. "Where are the grasshoppers?" she asked.

"Why don't they come to take me home?"

"All gone to bed," said the toad.

"'All gone to bed,' did you say, Mr. Toad?"

"Then how can I find my father and mother?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Come home with me," said a squirrel. "I live in a hole in a tree.

"I will give you some nuts to eat and you may sleep in my nest."

"Thank you, dear squirrel.



“You are very kind.

“But I wish I could see my mother.

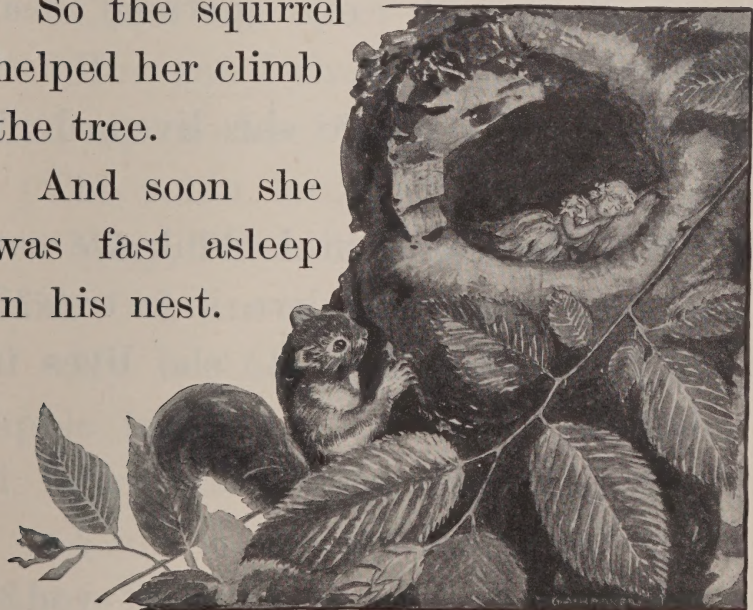
“Will you take me to her in the morning?”

“Anywhere you wish to go,” said the squirrel.

“Then I will go with you,” said Thumbling, “for I am very tired.”

So the squirrel helped her climb the tree.

And soon she was fast asleep in his nest.



## THE STORY OF THUMBLING — IV

break fast

ev er y where

In the morning the squirrel said:  
“Come, Thumbling. Come and eat  
some breakfast.

“Then tell me where you live and  
I will take you home.”

“I live with my mother, dear  
squirrel.

“You know where she lives, don’t  
you?”

“No, my dear; but I think we can  
find her. Does she live in a tree?”

“Oh, no, Mr. Squirrel; she lives in  
a house.

“It is a big white house and it  
has a pretty garden.

“You have seen it, haven’t you?”

“Yes, Thumbling; I think so.

“Jump on my back if you are ready and we will soon be there.”

So Thumbling jumped on the squirrel's back. How fast he ran!

And how far they went!

But they did not find her home.

After a time they heard a robin.

“Cheer up, cheer up,” he sang.

“How can I cheer up when I cannot find my mother?” asked Thumbling.

The robin laughed.

“Why, Thumbling, is that you?” he said. “I know where you live.

“My brother has a nest in your apple tree.

“I went over to see him this morning.

“Your mother was looking everywhere for you.



“My brother says you are always good to the birds.

“So I will take you home.”

“Oh, will you, Robin? How kind you are!

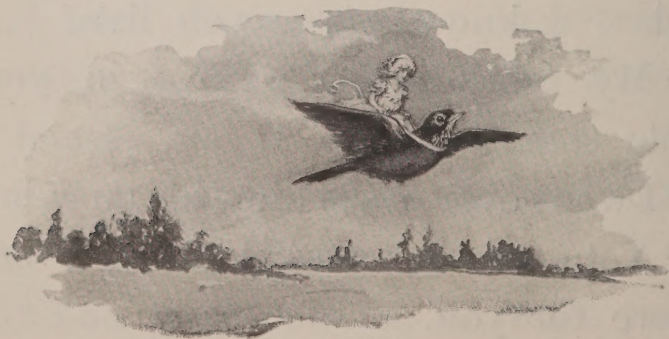
“Good-by, dear squirrel; I shall not forget you.”

Then up she jumped on Robin's back.

How fast they flew over the fields!

It was night when Robin put her in her cradle.

And there her mother found her in the morning.





## THE WIND

|      |           |      |
|------|-----------|------|
| high | your self | toss |
| loud | song      | hid  |

I saw you toss the kites on high  
 And blow the birds about the sky ;  
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !

I saw the many things you did,  
 But always you yourself you hid ;  
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



## A CHESTNUT PARTY

chest nuts

tall

tiny

plant

great

own

These boys and girls are having a party in the woods.

Chestnuts are ripe now and are falling from the trees.

Robert and Daisy have all they can carry, so they are going home.



One of the boys has climbed a tree.  
He is dropping chestnuts down.  
See, Rose is catching them in her  
dress.

What fun it is to go chestnutting!  
Do you know that chestnuts are  
seeds?

In every chestnut there is a tiny  
tree.

Look at Fred over there by the tree.  
He is putting a chestnut in the  
ground.

He will cover it over with earth  
and leaves.

Then by and by a tiny green plant  
will grow from the seed.

This little plant will grow and grow.  
Some day it will be a great tall tree  
and have chestnuts of its own.



## THE STORY OF THE OAK

a corns

oak

hot

grew

ships

chairs

Here are some pretty little nuts.

They are not sweet like chestnuts.

We do not like to eat them.

But squirrels think they are very good food.

These nuts are called acorns.

They grow on oak trees.

An oak is a beautiful tree.

It grows very tall and lives to be very old.

Once it was a tiny plant.

It grew from a little acorn.

The summer birds love an old oak tree.

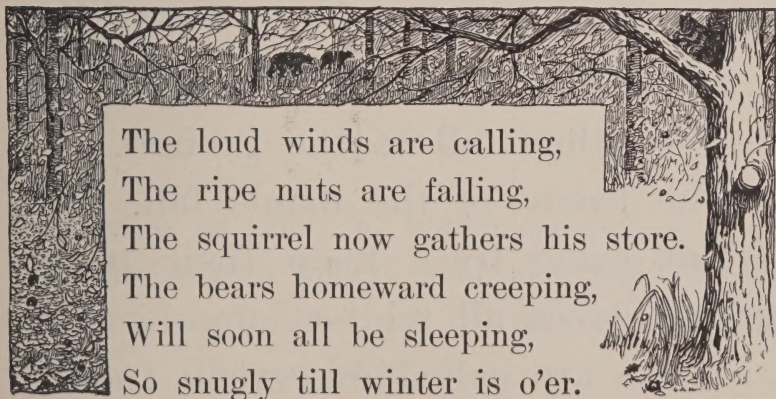
Its pretty green leaves make nice umbrellas.

They keep the rain and the hot sun from the little birds in the nest.

The wood of this tree is hard and strong.

Ships are made from the wood of oak trees.

Chairs are sometimes made of oak.







## ABOUT SOME WINTER TREES

|             |      |        |
|-------------|------|--------|
| ev er green | or   | spruce |
| nee dles    | best | which  |

The leaves of chestnut trees are green in summer.

In autumn they are yellow.

Then they fall to the ground.

The leaves of the maple fall, too.

But some trees keep their pretty green leaves all winter long.

These are called evergreen trees.

The snowbirds and chickadees love the evergreen trees.

Here they make their homes in winter.

And here they find little seeds to eat.

There are many kinds of evergreen trees.

Do you know the spruce tree? It is an evergreen.

Its leaves look like little needles.

Spruce trees make pretty Christmas trees.

Which tree do you like best, — the chestnut, the oak, or the spruce?

---

No seed is so small, or hidden so well,  
That God cannot find it; and soon He will tell  
His sun where to shine, and His rain where to go,  
Helping it grow.

## WHO AM I?

|           |             |       |
|-----------|-------------|-------|
| chil dren | snow flakes | North |
| skate     | wear        | ice   |

My home is in the North.

The cold north wind is my brother.

In autumn I come to see you.

I come at night and I do not stay.

But in winter I am with you all the time.

North Wind tells the birds I am coming. Then they fly away and the flowers go to sleep.

I cover brooks with ice so the boys and girls can skate.

I make pretty pictures on their windows.

I fly with North Wind up to the clouds.



Tiny raindrops are in the gray clouds.  
North Wind blows and whistles and  
the raindrops come running out.

They are going down to earth again.  
Then I put white dresses on them.  
This is the way the raindrops look  
when they wear their soft white dresses.



They are beautiful snowflakes now.  
How they dance and fly about!  
Down, down they go!  
They cover all the ground.  
The children are glad to see it snow.  
They like to play in the snow.  
Do you know my name?  
I am J - - - F - - - -.



## GRANDMA'S PARTY

grand ma  
been

din ner  
first

peo ple  
a go

Fred and Paul and Gertrude have been to grandma's.

This is Thanksgiving Day, and grandma and grandpa had a party.

Every one had a good time at the party.

They had a good dinner, too.

Now the children are going home.

Do you see a big box on the back of their sled?

Apples and candy are in the box.

Grandma gave them to Gertrude.

And grandpa gave the boys a book.

He said the stories in the book were true.

One story is about the first Thanksgiving Day.

It tells of some people who lived here a long time ago.

Did you ever hear the story?

Fred is going to read it when he gets home.

You may read it, too.





## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY — I

coun try   In di ans   built   May flow er

Long ago there were no white men  
in this country.

Indians lived here and Indians are  
red men.

There are not many red men now,  
but once there were a great many.

They lived all over this country.

After a time white people came.

They came from over the water  
in ships.

Some came in a ship called the  
Mayflower.

Fathers and mothers and little boys and girls were in the Mayflower.

It was winter when they came.



At first they had no houses to live in, so they lived on the ship.

The men cut down trees and built a house.

But it was a very cold house.

Sometimes the snow would blow in at the windows.

And sometimes the children had little to eat.

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY — II

church      God      Pil grims

By and by the long winter was over.

The ice and snow were gone.

“Now we will plant corn,” said the men.

“We will catch fish,” said the boys.

“And we will help our mothers,” said the girls.

So every one went to work.

They worked hard all summer.

In the autumn the corn was ripe.

Then the people were happy.

They found they had food for the winter.

“God has been good to us,” they said.

“Let us thank him for everything we have.”



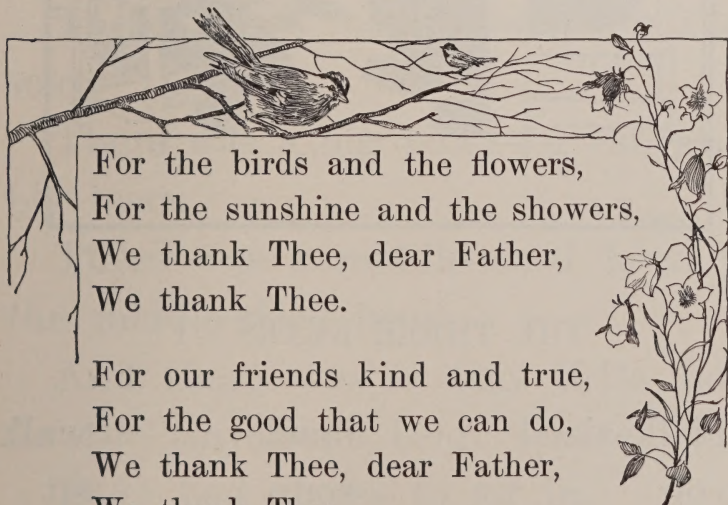
So they had a Thanksgiving Day.  
In the morning they went to church.  
After church they gave a party.

The Indians who had been kind to  
them were asked to the party.

They had wild turkey for dinner,  
and every one had a good time.

That was the first Thanksgiving Day.

These good people were called  
Pilgrims.



For the birds and the flowers,  
For the sunshine and the showers,  
We thank Thee, dear Father,  
We thank Thee.

For our friends kind and true,  
For the good that we can do,  
We thank Thee, dear Father,  
We thank Thee.



## THE THREE BEARS — I

mid dle-sized  
up on

bowls  
soup

walk  
sit

Once upon a time there were three bears.

They lived in a house of their own in the woods.

One of them was a great big bear. He was the father.

One of them was a middle-sized bear. She was the mother.

One of them was a tiny little bear. He was the baby.

These bears had bowls for their soup.

There was a big bowl for the great big bear.

There was a middle-sized bowl for the middle-sized bear.

And there was a tiny little bowl for the tiny little bear.

They had chairs to sit in.



There was a big chair for the great big bear.

There was a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear.

And there was a tiny little chair for the tiny little bear.

They had nice beds to sleep in.

There was a big bed for the great big bear.

There was a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear.

And there was a tiny little bed for the tiny little bear.

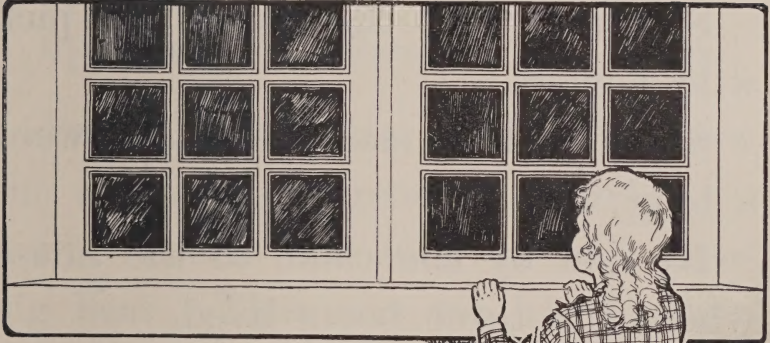
One day the bears made some soup.

They put it into their bowls.

Then they all went out for a walk.



## THE THREE BEARS — II



be fore      door  
same

In this same  
country there lived  
a little girl.

Her hair was as  
yellow as gold.

So her mother called her Golden-  
hair.



Now I am sorry to tell you that one day Golden-hair ran away.

She ran into the woods to pick wild flowers.

She found so many that she went a long way.

By and by she came to the house where the three bears lived.

She had never seen that house before.

So she went up and peeped in at the window.

After that she looked in at the door.

No one was at home and she walked in.





## THE THREE BEARS—III

|           |      |       |
|-----------|------|-------|
| tast ed   | ate  | sat   |
| up stairs | head | broke |

Pretty soon little Golden-hair saw the soup. How good it looked!

She tasted the soup of the great big bear. That was too hot for her.

She tasted the soup of the middle-sized bear. That was too cold for her.

She tasted the soup of the tiny little bear.

That was just right, so she ate every drop.

Then she sat down in the chair of the great big bear.

That was too hard for her.

So she sat down in the chair of the middle-sized bear.

But that was too soft for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the tiny little bear.

That was just right.

But when she sat down in the little chair, it broke and let her fall.

After this she went upstairs.

There she found the three beds.

First she lay down upon the bed of the great big bear.

But that was too high at the head.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear.

But that was too high at the foot.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the tiny little bear.

That was just right.

She was very tired and soon she was fast asleep.

## THE THREE BEARS — IV

voice      poor      broken      frightened

By and by the three bears came home.

It was dinner time and they were hungry.

“Oh! oh! some one has been at my soup,” said the great big bear in his great big voice.





“Some one has been at my soup,” said the middle-sized bear in her middle-sized voice.

“Some one has been at my soup and it is all gone,” said the tiny little bear in his tiny little voice.

Then they looked at their chairs.

“Some one has been sitting in my chair,” said the great big bear.

“Some one has been sitting in my chair,” said the middle-sized bear.

“Some one has been sitting in my chair and broken it all down,” said the tiny little bear.

Then the bears went upstairs.

“Some one has been sleeping in my bed,” said the great big bear.

“Some one has been sleeping in my bed,” said the middle-sized bear.

“Some one has been sleeping in my bed,” said the tiny little bear, “and, oh, look! here she is.”

Just then poor little Golden-hair waked up.

How frightened she was when she saw the three bears!

She ran to a window and jumped out.

Then home she ran as fast as she could go.

And she never ran





## PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

pres ents

o pen

buy

store

mer ry

man

Christmas is coming and we are going to have a Christmas tree.

I am going to play that I am Santa Claus. I have just been to a store to buy presents.

Here is a dear little dog for Johnny. The dog looks like his old dog Gyp.



Poor Gyp ran away from home and they never could find him.

This dog cannot run away.

Johnny will be glad of that.

I have a "Jack-in-the-box" for baby.

How baby will laugh when she sees it!

You open the box and out jumps a funny old man.

This beautiful doll is for Daisy.

Daisy broke her old doll.

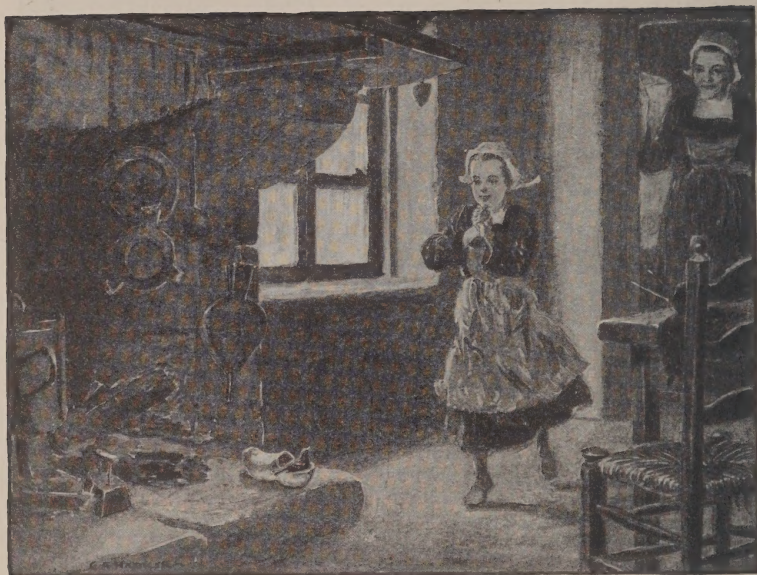
And this pretty lamb all covered with wool is for Ruth.

Which of my presents do you like best?

Are you going to have a Christmas tree?

Will your tree have candles on it?

Good-by and a "Merry Christmas."



## THE STORY OF PICCOLA — I

|            |      |       |
|------------|------|-------|
| Pic co la  | shoe | year  |
| stock ings | hang | child |

In a far-away country there once lived a little girl named Piccola.

Her father and mother were poor.  
Their little girl had no pretty dolls.

She had no picture books like yours.  
But she was a very happy child.

In summer she played in the fields  
with the butterflies.

The birds sang to her and the bright  
flowers grew all about her home.

In winter she helped her mother do  
the work in the house.

If the snowbirds flew to her window  
she would feed them with crumbs.

Then there was Christmas.

And Christmas was the very best  
time of all the year.

Santa Claus always came and left a  
little present in her shoe.

Where Piccola lived the children do  
not hang up their stockings.

Santa Claus puts their presents in  
their shoes.



## THE STORY OF PICCOLA — II

chimney

near

One year Piccola's mother said,  
"There will be no present for you  
this Christmas, my dear.

"It is a very cold winter and I shall  
be glad if we can get bread to eat."

"O mother," laughed Piccola, "Santa  
Claus will not forget me.

"I know he will give me some little  
thing."

So the night before Christmas she  
put her shoe by the chimney.

Then she went to bed.

"Poor child," said her mother.

"I wish I had a little cake for her.

"She will be so sorry if Santa Claus  
does not come."

When Piccola waked in the morning  
she ran to the chimney.

How she danced and laughed when  
she saw what was there!

“O mother, look! look! See this  
dear little bird in my shoe.

“How did Santa Claus know that I  
love little birds?

“I will feed it and then it will sing  
a sweet song.”

The child was happy all winter long.

When summer came she opened the  
window and let the bird go.

It flew to the woods near the house.

But it came every day to sing at  
Piccola's door.



## GEORGE WASHINGTON — I



brave            to-mor row  
plac ing        more  
learn  
George Wash ing ton



A birthday is coming.

It is the birthday of a man who lived a long time ago.

You all know his name.

It is George Washington.

He was a very brave man.

We, who live in this country, shall never forget him.

We like to see his picture in our homes and schools.

Paul and his mother have just been reading about him.

Now they are placing flags by his picture.

There are pretty leaves and flowers there, too.

Should you like to learn more about this man?

We will read about him to-morrow.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON — II

other president spell war write

When George Washington was a boy he lived on a farm.

He went to a little country school.

There he learned to read and write and spell.

After school he ran and played just as you do.

No other boy could run so fast as little George.

And no other boy could jump so far or so high.

He had a fine horse which he could ride, but he liked best of all to play soldier.

The boys always made him their captain.

When Washington grew to be a man he was tall and strong.

He had learned to do many things and he always did his best.

By and by there was a long war.

Then Washington was a great soldier.

When the war was over he was made president.

He was our first president.

Now he is called the "Father of his Country."

There are many stories of Washington.

Some day we will read more about him.

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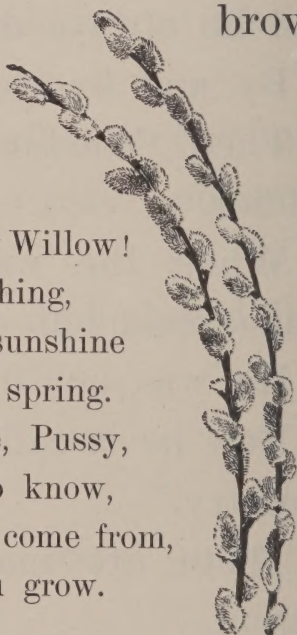
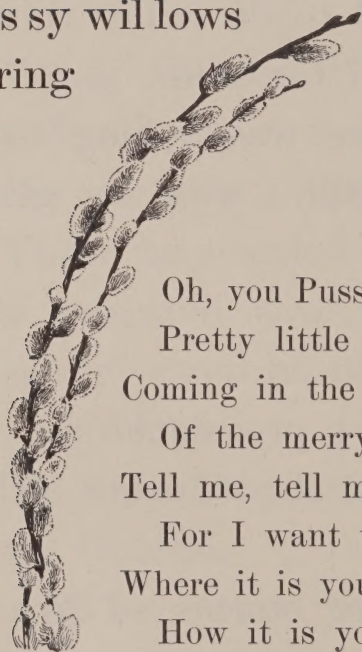
Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day.



## PRETTY PUSSY WILLOWS

pus sy wil lows  
spring

need yet  
brown



Oh, you Pussy Willow!  
Pretty little thing,  
Coming in the sunshine  
Of the merry spring.  
Tell me, tell me, Pussy,  
For I want to know,  
Where it is you come from,  
How it is you grow.

Yes, we are little pussy willows.  
Have you ever seen us?  
We grow on a tree down by the  
brook.

We have been fast asleep all winter.

Mother Willow covered us up and we were nice and warm.

But the other day the raindrops called us.

They said, "Wake up, little buds; wake up and grow."

Some bright sunbeams called us, too.

They said, "Spring is here. Come out and play, pussy willows."

So we opened the doors of our little brown houses and out we came.

Jack Frost is here yet.

We need our soft fur coats to keep us warm.

Do you think we look like tiny gray pussies?

Little boys and girls think we do.

That is why we are called pussy willows.



## MAKING MAPLE SUGAR—I

sug ar      roots      juice      than      sap

One Saturday Fred walked out into the country.

It was a bright spring day and the boy was happy.

“I am glad that spring has come,” he said.



“I like the country in the spring.

“I help Uncle George on the farm.

“Sometimes I help him plant seeds in the garden.

“But to-day we are going to make maple sugar.

“Do you know how maple sugar is made? I will tell you about it.

“Maple sugar is made from sap.

“Sap is the juice of the tree.

“It runs from the roots of the tree way up to the little buds.

“It helps the little buds to grow.

“In the spring the maple tree has more sap than it needs.

“So Uncle George makes a hole in the tree and the sap runs out.

“It looks like water, and it tastes like water with a little sugar in it.”

## MAKING MAPLE SYRUP—II

thick      pans      fire      boils      ket tle

“We carry the sap to a house in the woods.

“Then we build a fire under a big kettle.

“In that kettle the sap boils and boils.

“After it has boiled a long time it grows brown and thick.

“Then we put it into little pans.

“When it is cold and hard it is maple sugar.

“I like it, for it is sweet, like candy.

“Uncle George says white men learned of the Indians how to make maple sugar.”



## THE MERRY SPRING TIME

few      sun ny      yard      hurt      air

Spring has come! Spring has come!  
We are the first birds to tell you so.  
They call us little bluebirds.

We have just come back from the  
warm, sunny South.

It is cold here, and there are snow-  
flakes in the air.



But a few snowflakes will not hurt us.

We shall sing just the same, for we must wake up the flowers.

Have you seen any pussy willows this spring?

We saw a few this morning.

We saw some robins, too.

Robins come back about the time that we do.

Soon all the birds will be here.

Then what a busy time there will be!

We shall have our nests to build.

We bluebirds like to build in a bird house.

Do you know where we can find a bird house?

If you will put one in your yard, we will come and live in it.

## ARBOR DAY



|      |          |
|------|----------|
| sent | car ried |
| elm  | ar bor   |
| dug  | thought  |

Far away in the woods there lived  
an elm tree.

It was a very little tree.

Near by grew old oaks and chest-  
nuts and evergreens.

They were tall and strong and could see the bright blue sky.

“I wish I were a big tree,” thought the little elm.

“I will do my very best to grow.”

So it sent its tiny roots down into the earth for food.

The warm spring rains gave the roots a drink.

And the sunbeams helped its leaves to grow.

One morning the tree heard merry voices.

School children were going by.

“Oh, look! this is the tree for us,” they said.

Then an old man dug up the elm.

He carried it to the school yard and the children planted it.



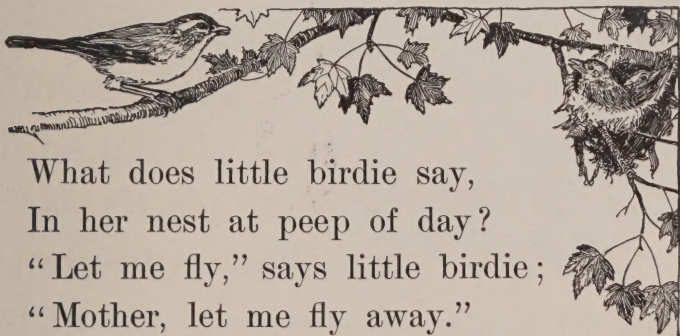
They sang sweet songs of Arbor Day.

“I don’t know what Arbor Day is,” thought the little tree.

“But this yard is a beautiful place and the children love me.

“I wish I could tell them how happy I am.

“I will just grow and grow, then maybe they will know.”



What does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
“Let me fly,” says little birdie;  
“Mother, let me fly away.”  
“Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.”  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.



## THE APPLE TREES' PARTY

washed  
word

in vi ta tions  
blos soms

grown  
pink

One day the apple trees gave a party. They had been busy all the spring getting ready.

Some of their buds had grown into pretty green leaves.

Some had grown into pink and white blossoms.

Now their new dresses were ready to wear.

“I will carry the invitations for your party,” said the wind.

“Thank you,” said the trees. “We shall be glad to have you.

“Ask all the birds and the bees and the butterflies to come.

“Tell the squirrels we shall be glad to see them, too.”

“I will,” said the wind, and away he flew.



Every one was pleased to get an invitation.

They all sent word they would come.

What a beautiful day it was!

Raindrops washed the leaves and the grass.

Then the sun made everything shine.

Two little girls were on their way to school.

They saw the bees dancing with the apple blossoms.

They heard the merry singing of birds in the trees.

“What a happy time they are having,” said one little girl.

“Oh, I know what they are doing,” said the other little girl.

“To-day is the first day of May.

“They are having a May-day party.”

## THE STORY OF THE NEW DRESS

fresh

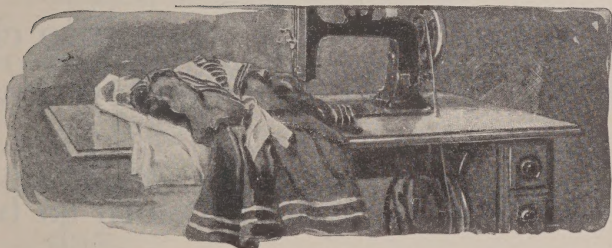
sharp

shears

wove

June

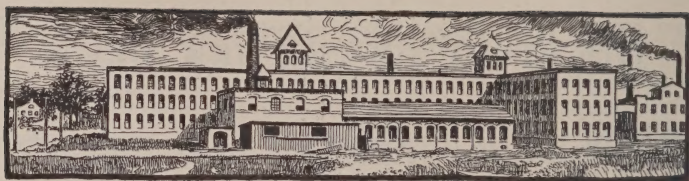
sold



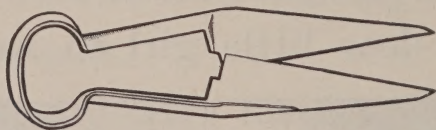
Here is a dress of cloth so blue,  
For a dear little girl to wear.



This is the mother, loving and true,  
Who made a dress of cloth so blue,  
For a dear little girl to wear.



Wool that was very fine and soft,  
Here in this mill they wove into cloth  
That was sold to the mother, loving  
and true,  
Who made a dress of the cloth so blue,  
For a dear little girl to wear.



Here are the shears so sharp and bright,  
That cut from the backs of the sheep  
so white,  
Wool that was very fine and soft,  
Which in the mill they wove into cloth,  
That was sold to the mother, loving  
and true,



Who made a dress of the cloth so blue,  
For a dear little girl to wear.



Here is the meadow where they were  
at play,

When the farmer came one warm June  
day,

And with his shears, so sharp and  
bright,

Cut from the backs of the sheep so  
white,

The wool that was very fine and soft,  
Which in the mill they wove into cloth,  
That was sold to the mother, loving  
and true,

Who made a dress of the cloth so blue,  
For a dear little girl to wear.



Here is the food the sheep liked to eat,  
The new green grass so fresh and sweet,  
That grew in the meadow where they  
    were at play,  
When the farmer came one warm June  
    day,  
And with his shears, so sharp and  
    bright,  
Cut from the backs of the sheep so  
    white,  
The wool that was very fine and soft,  
Which in the mill they wove into cloth,  
That was sold to the mother, loving  
    and true,  
Who made a dress of the cloth so blue,  
    For a dear little girl to wear.

M. HELEN BECKWITH,

By permission of *Primary Education*.



## FLAG DAY

|       |             |       |
|-------|-------------|-------|
| much  | Bet sy Ross | stand |
| spoke | piec es     | told  |

We had a great time in school to-day.

It was Flag Day, and every one had a flag.

Some of us sang songs and others spoke pieces.



We learned a little piece. This is it :

The red tells us to be brave,  
The white tells us to be good,  
The blue tells us to be true.

Then we learned who made the first flag ; it was Betsy Ross.

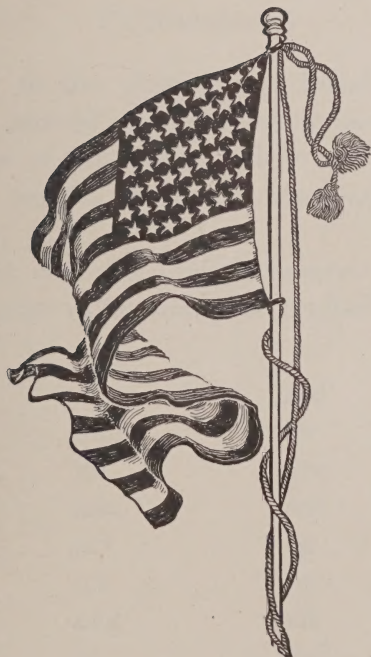
George Washington told her how to make it.

When he saw it, he was very much pleased.

He said : “ This flag shall stand for our country. We must all love it.”

---

I love my flag,  
My country's flag,  
I love my country, too ;  
I love the stars,  
I love the stripes,  
The red, the white, the blue.







# APPENDIX

## PHONOGRAMS

IN addition to the phonograms found in the Primer the following should be used in connection with the reading matter of this book. They can be prepared on cardboard or manila paper for class use as suggested in the Primer.

The frequent use of a limited number of phonograms will be of greater value than the limited use of a large number.

|      |     |     |     |
|------|-----|-----|-----|
| ain  | ice | ard | air |
| ate  | ump | ite | oil |
| all  | im  | ore | ark |
| ear  | ade | oat | ug  |
| ound | ark | og  | art |
| ire  | ick | up  | urn |
| od   | ong | ail | ung |
| ew   | ip  | end | ave |
| ang  | ar  | ow  | eat |

# GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

A key to the diacritical markings used in the Word List

## I. VOWELS

|              |               |              |
|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| ā as in fāte | ê as in êvent | ô as in ôbey |
| â “ senâte   | ě “ mět       | ō “ nôt      |
| ǎ “ făt      | ēr “ hěr      | ōō “ fōod    |
| ära “ ärm    | ī “ īce       | ōō “ fōot    |
| ä “ all      | î “ îdea      | ū “ ūse      |
| â “ âsk      | ĩ “ ĩt        | û “ ûnite    |
| â “ câre     | ĩ “ sîr       | ũ “ ũp       |
| ē “ mēte     | ō “ ôld       | û “ fûr      |

## II. EQUIVALENTS

|                  |                   |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| ä = ǒ as in what | o = ǒo as in wolf | u = ǒo as in pull |
| ê = â “ thêre    | ô = ũ “ sôn       | ÿ = ī “ flÿ       |
| ĩ = ě “ gîrl     | ô = ä “ hôrse     | ÿ = ĩ “ babÿ      |
| o = ǒo “ move    | u = ǒo “ rule     |                   |

## III. CONSONANTS

|                       |                   |            |
|-----------------------|-------------------|------------|
| ç = s as in miçe      | th                | as in thēm |
| e or c (unmarked) = k | th (unmarked)     | “ thin     |
| as in eall            | ph = f            | “ phantom  |
| eh = k “ sehōol       | š = z             | “ ĩš       |
| ch (unmarked) “ child | z (like s sonant) | “ zone     |
| ġ like j “ cāġe       | qu (unmarked)     | “ quite    |
| ġ (hard) “ ġēt        | x = gz            | “ exăct    |
| n = ng “ ĩnk          | x (unmarked) = ks | “ vex      |

# ALPHABETIC LIST OF WORDS USED IN FIRST READER

|                           |                  |                                   |                    |
|---------------------------|------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| à bout'                   | bé fôre'         | bŭt'tēr flȳ                       | coŭn'trȳ           |
| a corns<br>(ă'kŭrnș)      | Bēs'siē          | buȳ                               | cov er<br>(kŭv'ēr) |
| àft'ēr                    | bĕst             | bŭzz                              | crā'dle            |
| a gain<br>(ă'gĕn')        | Bĕt'sȳ Röss      | call                              | crawls             |
| à gō'                     | blös'soms        | cāme                              | crŭmbș             |
| âir                       | blōwn            | cār'ried                          | cŭt                |
| al'wāys                   | blōws            | cat er pillar<br>(căt'ēr pīl lĕr) | dance<br>(dāns)    |
| āntș                      | boils            | châirș                            | dĕar               |
| any where<br>(ĕn'ȳ whĕre) | bōwls            | chĕst'nŭtș                        | dĭn'nĕr            |
| ar bor<br>(ăr'bĕr)        | bōx              | chĭck'a dĕe                       | dōeș               |
| ăș                        | brāve            | chĭck'ĕnș                         | dōor               |
| ask                       | brĕad            | child                             | down               |
| à slĕep'                  | brĕak'fast       | chĭl'drĕn                         | drōps              |
| āte                       | brīght           | chĭm'neȳ                          | dŭg                |
| au'tŭmn                   | brōke            | chŭrch                            | ĕarth              |
| à wāke'                   | brō'ken          | clĭmb                             | ĕlm                |
|                           | brōok            | clōth                             | ĕv'ēr grĕen        |
|                           | brōth'ēr         | cloudș                            | ĕv'ēr ȳ whĕre      |
|                           | brown            | cōatș                             |                    |
| băck                      | bŭdș             | cōok'ies                          |                    |
| bĕd                       | buĭld            | cōok'ȳ                            | fall               |
| been<br>(bĭn)             | buĭlt            | could                             | fār                |
| bĕeș                      | bus y<br>(biz'ȳ) |                                   |                    |



|                |                  |                     |                        |
|----------------|------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| färm'ēr        | grew             | lāmbs <sub>ı</sub>  | nōne                   |
| few            | (grū)<br>ground  | lärk                | Nōrth                  |
| fīne           | grōwn            | laughed             |                        |
| fīre           |                  | (läfd)              | ōak                    |
| fīrst          | hālt             | lāy                 | ōff                    |
| fīsh           | hāng             | lēarn               | once                   |
| fīve           | hārd             | lēaves <sub>ı</sub> | (wūns)                 |
| flew           | hēad             | lōng                | ō'pen                  |
| (flū)<br>flour | hēard            | loud                | ôr                     |
| fōod           | hīd              | māde                | ôth'ēr                 |
| found          | hīgh             | mān                 | ō'vēr                  |
| frēsh          | hīm              | mā'ple              | ōwn                    |
| frīght'ened    | hōn'eŷ           | Mā'rŷ               | pāns <sub>ı</sub>      |
| frōm           | hōt              | May flow er         | pā'pēr                 |
| fūn            | hūrt             | (Māy flou ēr)       | pēep                   |
| fūr            | īce              | mēad'ōw             | pēo'ple                |
|                | Īn'dī anŷ        | mēn                 | Pīc'cō lā              |
| Geōrge Wash'-  | in vī ta tions   | mēr'rŷ              | pīck                   |
| īng tōn        | (In vī tā'shūns) | mīd'dle-sīzed       | pīēç'eŷ                |
| Gōd            | Jäck             | mīll                | Pīl'grīms <sub>ı</sub> |
| gōld'en-rōd    | Jäck Fröst       | mōre                | pīnk                   |
| gōne           | jūice            | mōrn'īng            | plāç'īng               |
| grānd'mā       | jūmp             | mūch                | plānt                  |
| grāss          | Jūne             | nēar                | pōor                   |
| grāss'hōp pēr  | jūst             | nēed                | prēs'entŷ              |
| grāy           | kēep             | nēe'dleŷ            | prēs'ī dent            |
| grēāt          | kēt'tle          | nēv'ēr              | puss'ŷ wīl'lōw         |
| grēen          | kīnd             | nīçe                | pūt                    |
|                |                  | nīght               | rāb'bīt                |

|             |                      |                            |                |
|-------------|----------------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| răn         | sòme'thĩng           | thêir                      | war            |
| read'y      | sòme'tĩme            | thẽn                       | warm           |
| rĩpe        | sống                 | thêre                      | washed         |
| ròcked      | sōon                 | thêse                      | wāy            |
| rōots       | sǒr'rỹ               | thĩck                      | wêar           |
| Rōv'ěr      | soup<br>(sōop)       | thĩngs                     | wêre           |
| sāil'bōat   | South                | thòught                    | wêt            |
| sāme        | Spēc'kle             | thũmb                      | whêat          |
| sǎng        | spěll                | Thũmb'lĩng                 | whẽn           |
| sǎp         | spōke                | tĩme                       | whĩch          |
| săt         | sprĩng               | tĩ'nỹ                      | whĩs'tle       |
| Săt'ũr dāy  | spruce               | tĩred                      | wĩld           |
| saw         | stānd                | tòld                       | wĩnd           |
| seeds       | stāy                 | tò-mǒr'ròw                 | wĩn'dòw        |
| sěnt        | stòck'ĩngs           | tòols                      | wĩngs          |
| shārp       | stǒp                 | töss                       | wĩsh           |
| shêars      | stòre                | true                       | wōol           |
| shêep       | stǒ'rỹ               | Ũn'cle                     | wōol'en        |
| shĩps       | strǒng               | ũp                         | word<br>(wũrd) |
| shoē        | sug ar<br>(shoog'ěr) | ũp ǒn'                     | work<br>(wũrk) |
| should      | sũm'měr              | ũp stāirs                  | wōve           |
| sĩt         | sũn'bēams            |                            | wřite          |
| skāte       | sũn'nỹ               | va ca tion<br>(vǎ kǎ'shũn) | yǎrd           |
| skỹ         | swēet                | věr'ỹ                      | yêar           |
| slêep       | tāke                 | voĩce                      | yět            |
| slêep'y     | tal                  |                            | yǒur sělf'     |
| snōw'flākes | tāst'ěd              | wāke                       |                |
| sǒft        | thǎn                 | wǎlk                       |                |
| sōld        |                      |                            |                |



















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